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*Principles  
of the Soul*

*John Galsworthy*

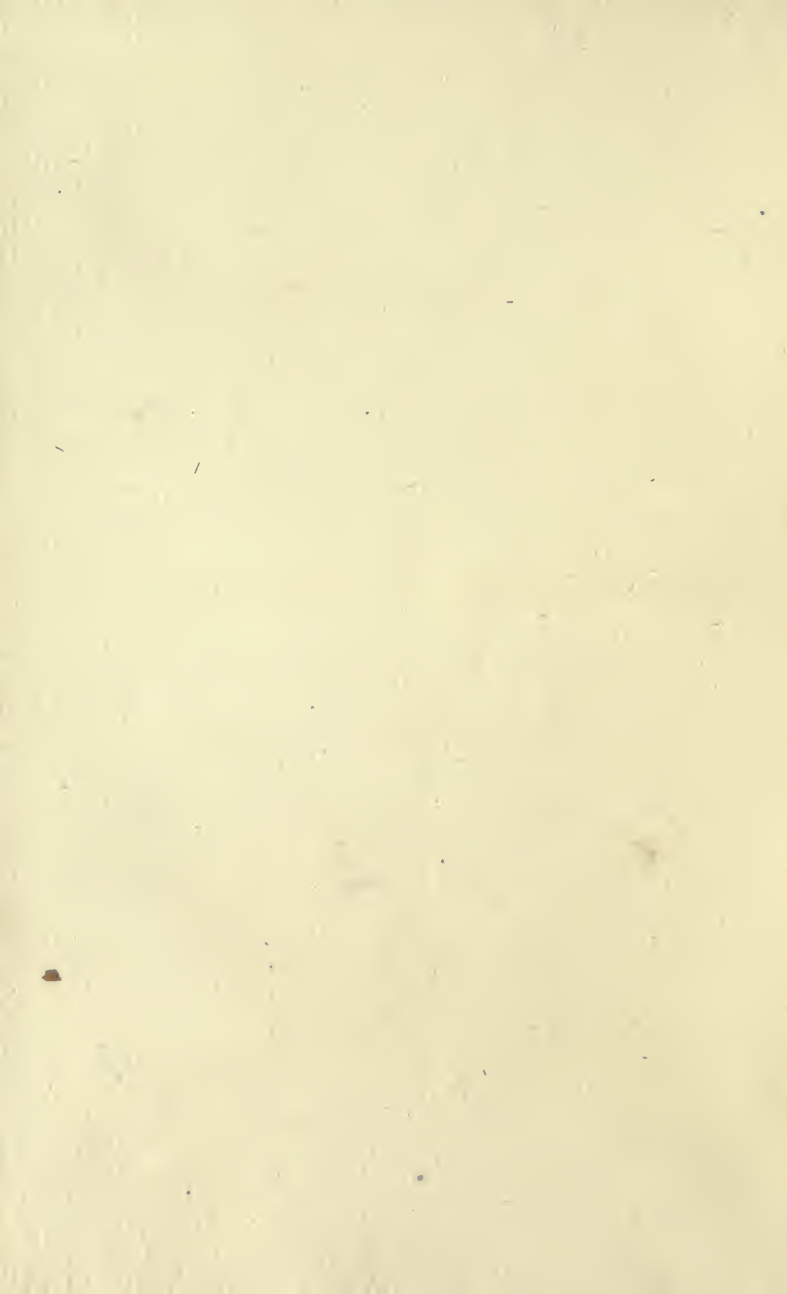
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THE MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.





THE MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

W. SCOTT-ELLIOT

AUTHOR OF

"PROBLEMS OF THE HIDDEN LIFE"

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## PREFACE.

*One word to record the satisfaction with which was written the poem that gives its name to this tiny volume.*

*To have found utterance, inadequate though it be, for the rapture and for the anguish in sounding the shoals and the depths of desire—phases which with a fascinated but questioning doubt alternately dominated the day-dreams of the boy—is some sort of recompense for the trials whose record is attempted—trials of a life that has not been entirely uneventful, though the events were not those which have appeared upon the surface.*

*It was something more to have been empowered to express in language, however unworthy of the surpassing grandeur of the subject, the thoughts which have appealed to the writer as the very sum and substance of that divine philosophy, which seems to be the one thing capable of redeeming humanity from the abyss of materialism in which the priests of religion and science alike have sunk it.*

*This is indeed a reward that no sorrows or troubles, that life may yet have in store will be able entirely to efface.*

*It may be too that the poetic expression of deep spiritual truth may find an echo in the hearts of those who are unable to recognize it in a more prosaic aspect.*

*But to sum up the feelings with which this poem (for most of the others are scarcely worth mentioning) is offered to the public, and also as a protest against the tendency of an increasing desire for personal reward and popularity, which seems latterly to have more and more pervaded the social and the political arena of this mighty race and empire, whose leaders should be the leaders of the world, I recall with admiration and with fellow-feeling the expressions in which Bulwer Lytton dedicated to the sculptor Gibson "the well loved work of his matured manhood."*

*Like it this makes no appeal to the suffrage of the multitude, educated and cultured though the multitude now are. It is not meant for them—they are not ready for it. Whether it meets or not with the approval of the Few,*

*it will still remain a record of that hidden life which the world can neither give nor take away.*

*To the writer to whom it recalls "the solemn and pure delight which it gave him to conceive and to perform" and who sees in it the aspiration of his "innermost mind in its least clouded moments," it would have been of equal import had he "graven it on the rocks of a desert."*

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EWESDALE . . . . .	1
TO DESIRE . . . . .	5
ON MY LADY'S BEAUTY . . . . .	15
TRISHNA . . . . .	22
TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS . . . . .	26
A STOIC'S SONG . . . . .	28
UNION . . . . .	32
THE MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL . . . . .	35
A LOVER'S RHAPSODY . . . . .	52





## EWESDALE.

ONCE more in the sweet summer weather,  
With sunshine and soft falling dews,  
Where the murmur of bees in the heather  
Entrances the valley of Ewes.

Colombo had sunset of glory,  
Gold melting in flakes of sea-green ;  
St. Lawrence still plunges in story  
His sweet wooded islands between.

*The Marriage of the Soul.*

On the slopes of the Nikko hills dreaming,  
Charm subtle possesses the mind,  
With the trunks of the mighty trees gleaming  
The gem-bedecked temples behind.

Snow-capped are the Yellowstone mountains  
In the wild rocky land of the West,  
Delightful its cañon and fountains,  
But home after all is the best.

Here thrushes each bush and tree christen  
With tumult of passionate trills ;  
Lie down in the bracken and listen  
To lispings of musical rills.

Mount up the burn, fountain by fountain,  
Till heather is mixed with the sod,  
To the far rocky cove on the mountain  
Where whispers the silence of God.

Green valley and soft flowing rivers  
May the elves and the water-nymphs make  
You sweet for our children, the givers  
Of bliss that has yet to awake.

Remembrance may still come to gladden  
With visions of loveliness seen,  
Though visions that more than half sadden,  
Far off in the days that have been.

Great sights may be pictured in story,

Snowy peak, coloured woods of the "fall,"

The fields of the sky full of glory

Are fancy's chief playground of all.

But the sight that to peace shall restore us

Is one seen by all that draw breath,

For the last is the great sight before us,

The presence majestic of Death.

## TO DESIRE.

LINES SUGGESTED BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S SONNET.

*“Thou blind man’s mark, thou fool’s self-chosen snare,  
Fond fancy’s scum, and dregs of scattered thought,  
Band of all evils, cradle of causeless care,  
Thou web of will whose end is never wrought,  
Desire, desire, I have too dearly bought  
With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware.  
Too long, too long asleep thou hast me brought  
Who should’st my mind to higher things prepare.*

*But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought,  
In vain thou mad'st me to vain things aspire,  
In vain thou lightedst all thy smoky fire,  
For virtue has this better lesson taught :  
Within myself to seek my only hire,  
Desiring naught but how to kill desire."*

O King of Humanity blinded,  
O tyrant who needest no rod,  
To laud thee are all of us minded,  
Deep down in our souls thou art God.

Thy signs never leave or forsake us,  
Thy fetters we hug to our hurt,

The wisdom of Zeus cannot make us  
Thy dens of illusion desert.

Whence art thou? Who gave thee dominion  
O'er the most hidden gates of our life,  
That each should bow down as thy minion  
Till death comes to finish the strife?

Thy shrine is in every heart human  
O'er islands and continents wide,  
The want of the man or the woman  
The spur is thou usest to ride.

Thou motive of all human action  
Praise askest thou? 'Twere to disdain  
The Godlike state lying past faction,  
Where bliss and the peace of God reign.

In what mocking tone shall we hymn thee?  
What fervour throw into our breath?  
With garlands of gods poets limn thee  
Thou anticipator of death.

As a cataract dashes and shatters  
Each water-drop churned into froth,  
Thy torrent so lashes and scatters  
The thoughts of us all in thy wrath.



With burdens by thee are we laden.

The libertine burning with lust,  
The love-lorn and innocent maiden,  
Both touched are with thy stain of dust.

In nets of delusion are taken

The souls of all men, for by each  
The earthly kaleidoscope's shaken,  
We all stretch our hands out to reach

Or love, lust, possession, or pleasure,

Good name 'mong our fellows or kin,  
Wealth, fame, or dominion, the treasure  
That each one is anxious to win.

*The Marriage of the Soul.*

For all seek in something external

The bliss of their life to complete,

Ignoring the great law supernal

Which aye mixed bitter with sweet ;

Which rules that the sole advance steady

Must lie through the gates of the heart,

Till sacrifice makes the soul ready

From *all* earthly wishes to part.

It's not to be done in a life time :

To start the attempt it were well,

Nor let renewed breath of each strife time

The praise of the conqueror swell.

Have none got the strength or the daring  
From fealty degrading to part,  
To begin the "great journey" by tearing  
Desire from the throne of the heart?

A journey 'tis pregnant with sorrow,  
So great it may well take the breath,  
But when from remembrance we borrow  
The evils of life and of death

A spirit within us arises,  
A Godlike unquenchable fire,  
Impelling to make sacrifices  
To stifle the pangs of Desire.

Inspire the "great Orphan" unfriended

Thou Spirit in All and in Each!

Till the ray in the radiance is blended,

O! Being past knowledge or speech!

The beams of thine infinite glory,

Thy majesty, beauty, and might,

Blot earth out of mind and of story

As day swallows darkness of night.

And the phantoms we fought in the gloaming,

With blows keeping up a vain strife,

Melt away like a will-o'-wisp roaming

'Neath the rays of the sun of our life.

On the pathway of thy contemplation

Let eyelids and feet never tire,

Self's lost in the true concentration,

Thy sight rings the knell of Desire.

Thou'rt All! We can never discover

The depths of thy Being. We're chid

As worshipper, student, or lover,

In garments of light thou art hid.

The infinite space thou enfoldest.

As essence most subtle and small

In the deep soul of man thou upholdest

The life giving spark. Thou art All!

Vain words! Shadows born of delusion  
Confound 'twixt what is and what seems,  
For words are but shadows' illusion,  
Our life but the substance of dreams.

ON MY LADY'S BEAUTY.

BLISS of bliss, all joys excelling,

On my lady's beauty dwelling.

Beauty of thy bright eye glances

Sunbeam brighter than that dances.

Beauty of thy long eye-lashes

Through which radiate loving flashes.

Hazel eyes, heaven's blue concealing,

In their depths new worlds revealing.

Beauty of thy throat entrancing,

Mouth with ripples round it dancing,  
Wealth of raven tresses crowns thee,  
Faultless profile Greek renowns thee.  
Skin that 's lovelier than gold minted,  
'Twixt dead-white and olive-tinted.  
To thy cheek the blood when mounting  
Adds a charm that knows no counting.  
Hills of snow, thy bosom's splendour,  
Force the heart's complete surrender.  
Every pose and action grace thee,  
E'en thy robes with love embrace thee.  
Length of limb and carriage splendid,  
Dignity and beauty blended.  
From thy robe the perfume stealing



Claims and conquers thought and feeling.

The odour from thy loosened tresses

Our most subtle sense addresses.

Beauty of the modulations

In thy voice's variations

Thrills the soul till all who hear thee

Long for ever to be near thee.

On thy lips that rival roses

Realms of bliss thy smile discloses.

Their expression ever changing

Heaven to eyes gives o'er thee ranging.

From her own deep store of learning

Pallas dowered thy mind discerning.

Beauty of thy speech so ready,  
Of thy well weighed judgment steady,  
Of thy noble impulse scorning  
Loss for self, by night or morning  
When compassion for the sorrows  
Of the world our pity borrows.  
Beauty of thy love unfeigning,  
Of thy patience uncomplaining,  
Of thy pride and indignation  
At mean thing in man or nation.  
Beauty of thy mind, exceeding  
All thy other beauties, feeding  
Eyes of sense on sense-world gazing,  
But thy mind towards Spirit's raising

Soul that longs for deeper union  
Than earth gives in sweet communion.  
Soul so loving and defending,  
Hymn thou needest never ending.  
In thy soul the charm residing  
Through the eyes is seen abiding,  
Their pathetic looks betoken  
Depth of passion still unspoken.  
The storms of life, despair and madness  
Both provoking, always sadness,  
Have thee but with pity loaded  
For the wretched by Fate goaded.  
May the tempests of our being  
Weathered by us each unseeing

*The Marriage of the Soul.*

Now receive their final stilling,  
Our embrace the past fulfilling.  
Queen of women all must hold thee,  
Heart to heart let me enfold thee,  
May our long embrace discover  
Soul unto the soul of lover.  
May our thoughts need no expressing  
In airy words of human dressing,  
Read we unto inmost being,  
Heart and mind alike all seeing.  
May our lives so knit together  
Life's rough storm in safety weather,  
Symbol of bliss never ending  
In deep mystic union blending.

When we meet let time surrender  
Scene of our last parting tender,  
May the life and death that sever  
Blot again our memory never.  
Recognition shall uncover  
Eyes of lover unto lover.  
Now at last we're face to face,  
Lost in the heaven of our embrace.

## TRISHNA.

WE long for rest and leisure

In intervals of strife,

Pain cries aloud to pleasure

Come home and be my wife ;

Come home and take possession

Of a heart whose sole confession

Is enduring the oppression

'Neath the hard mill-stones of life.

The mill-stones grind unheeding  
The sighs and hopes and fears,  
Each revolution speeding  
Adds stain of blood and tears.  
And human cries sound thicker  
As the pace of life grows quicker,  
And the inner light's a flicker  
To the radiance of old years.

But needle-like our being  
Obeys the magnet's call,  
From heavens of dreamland fleeing  
In thickest strife to fall.

*The Marriage of the Soul.*

We join the fray with gladness,  
Experience teaches sadness,  
Then clear becomes the madness  
And illusion of it all.

“From too much love of living”

We must ourselves set free  
With well-aimed axe-stroke giving  
Death to the Upas tree.  
The axe is concentration,  
Each stroke is self-negation,  
The final contemplation  
'S the end we cannot see.



No more in Nature's fashion

Drawn back to earth and night,

Swept with the winds of passion,

Misled by sound and sight.

Life is a record hoary

Lost in forgotten story,

The spark's merged in the glory

Of the Eternal Light.

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS.

In love the rain-drops falling from the sky  
Revive and renovate the parching land,  
No more the panting herds seek shelter nigh,  
All thankful take the gift from Nature's hand.

In love the tender rays of morning light  
Steal from the dim horizon, and first sleep  
Upon the green hill side, then growing bright  
Are caught enraptured by the valley deep.

Oh! fairer, sweeter than all flowers of earth,  
Than greenest isle on softest summer sea,  
As light to darkness and as rain to dearth,  
So be thy lover's coming unto thee!

A STOIC'S SONG.

WHEN I have passed away, love,

Let memory not trace

The faintest line of sadness

Upon thy lovely face.

Let all distress and mourning,

All tears be left behind,

As thy hand loving scatters

My ashes to the wind.

But if thou wilt my mem'ry

Be consecrated still,

Erect a votive palace

That revelry may fill,

Or tomb beside the highway

Whose dainty carven side

Has fauns and satyrs dancing.

Let it my ashes hide.

Lived I in time of Akbar ?

His palace stands to-day

Where rites were celebrated

With song and dancing gay ;

*The Marriage of the Soul.*

Or Roman when Rome's grandeur

And fame the world did fill?

A Roman tomb were fitting

I'll be a Roman still.

In superstition gloomy

To-day the people dwell,

The fear of death is on them,

They're sunk in their own "Hell"!

The guest may leave the banquet

His comrade doth not weep,

The ocean toiler mourns not

His brother lapt in sleep.

For life's extinguished embers  
Regret is waste of breath,  
The weary watcher welcomes  
The placid sleep of death.

## UNION.

THE poets sing that beauty is a fire  
Where hearts like moths in self-oblation burn,  
Matched with the beauty of the soul's desire  
That were a flame might soon to darkness turn.

A symbol faint is earthly beauty's glow  
Of that intenser flame that never dies,  
Where heart and sense and mind and all we know  
"Offer themselves a burning sacrifice."



That living fire within the soul resides  
A fragment ray of the Eternal Light.  
An-hungered and a-thirst the soul abides  
When lit has been its searching radiance bright.

An-hungered for the union that dwells  
Beyond a world with jarring discord filled ;  
A-thirst for the deep draught of wisdom's wells  
Where life's vain turmoil is for ever stilled.

For union's the watchword and the goal  
Of our desire when all desire is dead,  
The unutterable passion of the soul,  
Its final cry when all on earth's been said.

“Lost in the common life of all that live,”  
By the four walls of self no more confined,  
Last, greatest gift that Being has to give,  
Clasp we the thought with heart and soul and mind!

Motive and centre of our soul's desire,  
Object and refuge of our journey's end,  
May love and will and courage never tire  
Till in the radiance the ray shall blend!

## THE MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

THOU who art source of every inspiration,  
Mystical SELF, deep hid within the breast,  
Make we to thee our fervent invocation,  
Spirit to thee shall be the prayer addressed.

Love is a theme that all the Muses favour,  
Passion's appeal will make the numbers roll,  
Wing thou with fire his thought and message graver  
Whose song is of the marriage of the soul.

How shall we reach the knowledge of the Highest ?

When will the light astonish our glad eyes ?

Though thou in gloom of earthly prison liest

Shines aye the sun beyond the clouded skies.

Long have we laboured through the darkness dreary,

Long have we trodden in the ways of grief,

Is there no refuge for the pilgrim weary ?

From the fierce fighting is there no relief ?

Through the dim night of journey never-ending

Is there no star to light a friendly fire ?

When shall serenity replace heart-rending ?

*Is there no ceasing to our fierce desire ?*

Stream in the twilight through the meadows stealing,

Mountain uplifting high thy forehead bare,

Have ye not heard the voice of our appealing

Passion of longing in a storm of prayer ?

Glory of colours at the day's retiring,

Stillness of evening as the stars uproll,

Witnessed ye not the height of our desiring

Depth of unsounded agony of soul ?

Eager with hope's the heart's interrogation

E'er the first blossoms of life's spring arise,

Sphinx of the world, fell was thy fascination,

Dazzling thy glamour to our wondering eyes.

Love was it? Aye, but to the heart o'erladen

With that which passeth mind or thought or speech

It was no earthly—'twas no mortal maiden

Seemed out of heaven and down to earth to reach.

False was the seeming and the heart mistook it,

Dreamt of a bliss it might not hope to find,

Melted the vision and the joy forsook it

Save in the dim recesses of the mind.

Where have they gone those dreams of heavenly places

Surging from wells of recollection deep?

Whence did they come and where are now the traces?

Lost in the realm mysterious of sleep!

Love, it *was* love, but not for our attaining

On the dim path by feet of mortals trod,

Rather the heart its wider vision's gaining

Touched by an ember from the fire of God.

HIDDEN behind the veil of dire illusion  
Deep in the inmost chamber of the soul,  
Calm and serene through all life's wild confusion  
Reigns the true SELF our utmost being's goal.

Not till desire is burnt out to an ember,  
Not till this earth shall seem a little thing,  
Can we the sacred hidden lore remember,  
Can we behold "the glory of our King."



Then shall the eye and ear their use disdain

Merge in the inner hearing, inner sight,

Then shall illusion's veil of mist remaining,

Melt in the ray of the Eternal Light.

Dead be the dreams of love or fame we cherished,

Conquered the doubts that through our bosom roll,

Not till all vestige of desire has perished

Reach we that final union of soul.

Then will the island's cry of isolation,

Moaning across the false estranging tide,

Change to the song that's sung by all creation

Choiring the mystic marriage of "the Bride."

Then on the shore of final knowledge landing  
Shall we the consciousness of Godhead win,  
*That* is the peace that passeth understanding,  
*That* is to *know* the Deity within.

When some grand symphony's divine appealing  
Speaks to the heart unutterable things,  
'T is but this mighty goal's obscure revealing  
Borne on the pinion of the music's wings.

SO to the hidden goal of our aspiring  
Journey we, guarding aye the sacred fire  
Till in the heart of our divine desiring  
Slowly 's achieved the death of our desire.

Glad let us be, but false is earth-born gladness,  
Blinding the soul with glamour of delight,  
Sad we must be, false equally is sadness,  
Learn we the "higher carelessness" aright.

Through the heart's frost of desolate enduring  
Fighting desire till Winter's night be past,  
Slowly the "peace of God" is aye maturing,  
So shall serenity be won at last.

How can we slay the brood of monsters teeming?  
Where are the weapons that are sure to kill?  
First is to know the real from the seeming,  
Then the omnipotent and Godlike Will.

First is to know, but hard is wisdom's winning,  
Price of that pearl means loss of lesser things,  
Will to attain the Truth is the beginning  
Though the attainment pain and sorrow brings.

Pain of the bitter deathless aspiration,  
Sorrow beyond the ken of days and years,  
Pain that becomes the very soul's oblation,  
Sorrow that drinks the salt of all men's tears.

But what are pain and sorrow to the finding  
Of the true light that can all mists dispel,  
This of the sunlit uplands the reminding,  
That the foul groping through the gloom of hell.

Effort though worsted's never unavailing,  
Up from defeat and to the onset still!  
Win we through effort in the end prevailing  
Clearness of vision, greater strength of will.

Will must obtain o'er mind the domination,  
Thought must be held in mastery complete,  
But the last word is "perfect concentration,"  
Sainted ascetic's great and final feat.

TOLD in all tongues, the dower of every nation,  
Is this old story of the Gospel preached,  
Legend archaic of the soul's probation  
Till the achievement of "the Christ" is reached.

When of the flesh the "crucifixion" 's ended  
Dead is desire, and all the earthly strife,  
Bridegroom and bride are mystically blended  
*We are* the "resurrection and the life."

NOTE.—It is needless to point out how the primitive teachings of all the great religions of the world, which were the rays of Celestial Wisdom Herself have gradually become—in some cases more and in others less—“converted into Dogma so pernicious and so deadly as to blight and destroy the reason of all who come under its control.”

Nor is it necessary to dwell on that special church which has *dared* to anathematize all those outside its narrow boundaries, and which has *notably* materialized and degraded the spiritual idea contained in the “Archaic Legend.”



SO to the end the struggle aye sustaining,  
    Longing for peace but reaching strife instead,  
Battle we sternly through the days remaining  
    In the fierce fight between the quick and dead.<sup>1</sup>

So without friendly grasp of comrade cheering,  
    So without love but with the heart aflame,  
Lonely as one the mountain summit nearing,  
    Equally tread we o'er men's praise and blame.

<sup>1</sup> Between the immortal HigherSELF and the lower personal self.

Boundless compassion bear we to all living,

Linked to no mortal—wedded to no wife,

Service and fellowship to all men giving

Weave we the garment of the Perfect Life!

SELF in the hollow of the heart that hidest  
Of the illusive self that bounds our view,  
SELF that through all eternity abidest  
Thou that in falsehood's realm alone art true.

Thou that in life and death art consolation,  
Part that art one with the Eternal Whole,  
Bridegroom, to Thee may our renunciation  
Herald the mystic marriage of the soul.

A LOVER'S RHAPSODY.

O LOVER of the beauty of the rose,  
Of dying daylight on the mountain snows,  
Of all the loveliness that eye hath seen,

There is a love (that thine in shadow throws)

*in which  
tho' whose shadow I must lean*

O lover of the nightingale's keen song—

Rapturous trill or plaint of cruel wrong—

Know'st thou the love whose lightest eddies sweep  
Swifter than music's self the soul along?

O lover with the fire of passion's breath

*g* ~~Who~~ deem'st thy love the one thing this side death,

Thou'st yet to learn top note of passion's key

*you've*

Passion's own self that all o'er-mastereth.

*would be my wish the key were me.*

The love of Him or It—which shall I say?—

Controls the heart and takes the breath away,

*we*

It is a madness firing heart and brain.

Ever within me let such madness stay.

I cannot name Thee and 'tis better so,

Thou art beyond all knowledge that I know;

I only feel the rapture of Thy love;

~~Fire for the blood within my veins that flow.~~

*As we two are one as with a dove.*

The love of Thee is a consuming fire  
Burning all growths that spring from earthly mire,  
    Burning them root and branch and stem, until  
Desire of Thee hath swallowed all desire.

Thou art the essence of the rose perfume,  
Thou the soul hid within the rose's bloom,  
    Of all this world's dark mystery the key,

~~Thou the trump heralding a nation's doom.~~

*For when with you my heart is free*

Soul of the Universe to Thee I turn,  
Fire of the central fire with Thee I burn,  
    Far and unknowable yet nigh to each,  
Self of my inmost self for Thee I yearn.

Drunk with Thy wine—from all illusion free—

Seeing in Thee the one Reality

Strive we with fervent feet until we be

Lost in the ocean fathomless of Thee.









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